NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 52—VOL. XVII. NEW-YORK SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1806 NO. 886.

OSBORNE FITZROY:

A CALEDONIAN ROMANCE.

(*Concluded.*)

"THIS, OSBORNE, was not my intention: I resolved if possible, to watch the conduct of the new Duke;—and for your sake, I determined to brave every danger. I deprived you of your inheritance through a selfish motive at first, which has, I am persuaded, been the means of preserving your life."

Margaretta laid aside the papers with horror: her husband had never been an object likely to engage her esteem; he now seemed a monster of vice in her eyes. Her reflections were too painful to support, and she was almost unable to continue the perusal of a recital which filled her with the most dreadful apprehensions. She no longer doubted that the stranger was the Duke of Drelingforth, and she trembled in anticipation of the disgrace which would overwhelm her family on a disclosure of past occurrences.

Narrative continued.—"The young woman who attended me, had been the faithful servant of my beloved Paulina. She was her god-daughter, and doubly endeared to me by bearing the same name. Her unassuming charms had made a sudden and deep impression on young Moreland, whose speedy return had occasioned much surprise; though I at first attributed it to the interest he took in my concerns. He candidly acknowledged, that as his situation in the Duke's family was a lucrative one, which he must forfeit by marrying, it would be more prudent for them to remain single till he had the power to establish his Paulina comfortably and independently; but added, that as he could not endure the thoughts of her remaining at such a distance, he was come to make a proposal, which he feared I would object to on many accounts. His mother, he said, had a neat cottage not far from the castle: it would be her pride and pleasure to accommodate us, if I would but condescend to accept of her services till I had made my determination as to my future conduct. This was my very wish; and I gladly assented to it: not even a fear of discovery suggested itself to damp my ardent desire of watching the actions of the Duke. His base desertion had filled me with hatred: I was no longer the weak complaining woman, but the zealous friend of Osborne, the avenger of the injured Paulina; for, upon further conversation with Moreland on the subject of the hints he had dropped at our last meeting, he put into my hand a paper he had accidentally found, which completely convinced me of his integrity, and the baseness of those I once thought it a merit to regard. You will find the paper I speak of annexed to this manuscript." The Duchess turned over the leaves with trepidation, and read the following fragment of a letter addressed to the Duke by Del Marino, who had been called to London upon business.

"As I find you cannot persevere in any thing without encouragement from me, I neglect my own concerns, to answer your letter thus speedily. It is a lucky thing for you to have such a friend, or I know not how you would have extricated yourself from this cursed untoward affair. I shall be detained here at least a week longer, meanwhile, will give you my best advice. Get the brat into your own hands as fast as you can, and send Agnes home, or to the d—l. She is a poor whimpering puss, and I disclaim her. Besides, this young heir must have rougher nurses——You understand me—A steady fine fellow, like Atholston, must not be put out of his chance by a hero in swaddling cloaths. We have succeeded gloriously in one undertaking; and if you are not chicken-hearted, the other may be successfully atchieved. We Italians understand those things better than you cold-blooded Englishmen. I will trouble you to remit me an order for five hundred, as I am rather out of cash.

Yours faithfully,

ANTONIO DEL MARINO.

"This, indeed, is testimony," exclaimed Margaretta, with horror. "Unhappy Drelingforth! you have been the dupe of a villain. Osborne is vindicated:—but let me read all before I draw conclusions."

"I was now fully persuaded that it was necessary to keep the deception I had used, a secret; yet the ingenuous confidence of Moreland deserved a return, and to him alone I revealed it. He expressed unfeigned astonishment and joy, and warmly applauded what I had done. "It will (said he) be attended with many difficulties, no doubt; but by our vigilence and caution, I trust, all will be safe till our young charge is of age to assert his rights; till when, he must be debarred the advantages his sex usually possess; as we have little power to withstand oppression; and no doubt every means would be practised to get him out of the way. At present, we shall be secure, as Drelingforth is going from the Castle for a short time. I am not at liberty to mention my conjectures; therefore, will say nothing about it till the event has confirmed them to be true." Every thing was then arranged for our purposed journey; and I was sanguine in my hopes that, at some future period, however distant, I should see my darling boy restored to his long withheld rights.—I assumed the name of Fitzroy; and as that of Osborne was general in the north, and bestowed indiscriminately on boy and girl, I had no occasion to change yours. At this cottage I enjoyed tranquillity, though happiness was forever banished; for I saw all my early prospects blasted by my own imprudence, and incessantly bewailed an error, which had reduced me to the distressing alternative of public shame, or perpetual obscurity. Not to be too minute in my recital, I will pass over my sensations when the Duke returned with the lovely Margaretta, his present amiable wife. She was not long in the Castle, before her praise was sounded by every tongue. Her virtues claimed my respect, and rather pitied than envied her lot in being united to Henry. The aged mother of Moreland dying soon after, I became the Duke's tenant. Moreland, the only domestic in his confidence, was deputed his agent in respect to the remittances forwarded to me, who, he imagined, had taken refuge with some friends in Portugal. I will do him the justice to say, that my allowance was regularly paid; and though my heart disdained the obligation, I had no other means of support for you, my darling Osborne. Your education was my solace and amusement in this necessary seclusion from society: my care was chiefly that you might not be spoiled by effeminacy; and the strange manner in which you were accustomed to conduct yourself, was a source of astonishment to those few neighbors with whom I occasionally associated. The marriage of Paulina with Moreland, soon left me without society; yet I had the happiness to see you daily improving, and your affectionate regard repaid me for the hours of anxiety I passed on your account. Moreland and his wife went to London, and would have urged me to remove with them; but I preferred my present situation, which long habit had attached me to, the encreasing family of the Duchess left me little to hope for on your side. Without friends to advise, or spirit to act for myself, I gradually relinquished my ardent hopes, and daily more and more dreaded a discovery, which I feared would involve us in disgrace, without effecting any benefit to either. While the crafty Del Marino possessed his wonted influence with the Duke, I knew we had little to hope for. Thus situated, judge of my anxiety when the Duchess first became acquainted with us. I wrote Moreland an account of the whole affair; and he advised me to overcome my fears, and suffer you to cultivate her growing favour. It was a measure replete with peril, Yet I suffered things to take their course. For your own security, I extorted a solemn promise from you, not to reveal the secret of your sex till it became indespensably necessary. When of age to act with discretion, you will be empowered by this manuscript to make known your just claims. Use it with caution; beware of involving the innocent with the guilty. Farewell, my beloved child. Remember the tenor of all my exhortations. Act with integrity in all your undertakings, and if not successful, you will still be happy in a self-approving conscience." The Duchess summoned Osborne into her presence, and returning him the packet, said, "These papers are important, Osborne; and have fully exculpated you from blame. How do you intend to act? You are heir to this estate; and can only be reinstated in your hereditary honors, by the ruin and disgrace of my family." Osborne bent his knee to her, and bathing her hand with tears, replied, "Reproach me not, Madam, with my misfortune.—Rank or wealth can have few charms for me, at the price of their happiness whom I so tenderly love and respect: but this explanation was due to my honour. I ask only justice. Let me see the prisoner: if he is, indeed, my father, his rights supercede all others; if not, I will relinquish my claims, and remain unknown, unlamented." "Generous youth! (exclaimed the Duchess, embracing him,) it must not be; your cause is the cause of truth and innocence, and must prevail!"

Returning from the apartment of the Duchess, Osborne met Lady Alexina in the gallery. He had not seen her for several days, and they mutually started at this unexpected rencontre. Raising his eyes timidly to her face, he was struck with an alteration which gave him the deepest affliction; her countenance wore the pallid hue of sickness, and her eyes glistened with tears. Yielding to the impulse of the moment, Osborne caught her hand. "Fly me not, I conjure you, Lady Alexina. I have long anxiously desired to see you. The distressing situation of affairs will not allow me to say more, than that, amongst all other evils, the dread of losing your esteem is to me the most severe." "Speak not on the subject, (cried Alexina, trembling with agitation:) though the partiality which our early habits of intimacy gave rise to, is checked by untoward events, I trust a time will come, when it will be no longer a crime in me to esteem you." "A crime! Alexina. Do I live to hear this from you! Yet why do I repine? Your heart pleads in my favor, and that assurance is a blessing in the midst of my misery."—The color rushed to the cheeks of the embarrassed girl; and hastily withdrawing her hand, she replied, "What have I done to admit of such an interpretation? Leave me, Osborne. Honor, duty, prudence, every thing sacred, conspires to separate us. For your sake I wish this terrible transaction cleared up. Your friend Monmouth is persuaded of your innocence; but, alas! he has no power. "Monmouth! (repeated Osborne, vehemently:) he is no longer my friend: he will be your husband!!!" At that moment Monmouth stood before them: his apartment opened into the gallery, and he had overheard every word of their conversation. With a calm and dignified mien he approached them. "Ungenerous Osborne, (said he) you may repent of having wronged me thus. I am your friend; and to convince you of it, if proof be necessary, now receive it. Lady Alexina, this hand, by the consent of our parents, is mine.—Valuable as the gift would be esteemed by me under other circumstances, the happiness of Osborne is to me still dearer. He knows it: he knows my weakness; but he knows not yet all I would do for him. The cloud which blights his prospects shall be removed. When convinced of his worth, will not you reward him for all his past sufferings?" Lady Alexina hid her face in an excess of emotion, and the sound of footsteps on the staircase caused them to seperate abruptly; though the eyes of Osborne made a pathetic appeal to the heart of Lady Alexina. Monmouth followed Osborne into the saloon. "Something must be done, (said he.) Del Marino is a villain; and if you tamely wait the result of his machinations, you will be ruined. I will have some conversation with him this evening, and you shall know the result." "My conduct has, I fear, been interpreted to my disadvantage in this business, (said Osborne.) One consideration only has prevented my speaking to Del Marino as I could wish. Should the ambition of Mrs. Fitzroy have induced her to fabricate this tale, I am too nearly allied to him to take justice in my own hands." "True, (replied Monmouth;) but I have little apprehension of

that being the case. However, I will tell you more to morrow." After tea, Monmouth followed Del Marino into the shrubbery, where he usually strolled every evening. "I have a great curiosity to see this prisoner, (said Monmouth.) You keep him closely guarded. Surely, Marquis, you can have no private reason for making yourself such a vigilant jailor." The eyes of Del Marino sought the ground. "Neither should I suppose you have any private reason for calling me to account, young man," said he haughtily; though his voice faultered. "You seem to take my observations amiss: this augurs that they have some foundation!" "Sir, (cried the astonished and alarmed Del Marino,) do you suspect!"—"We are apt to be suspicious (replied Monmouth coolly) when we perceive symptoms of fear and guilt." "What do you mean to insinuate, Sir?"—Plainly, that some underhand doings is carried on in the Castle." "Sir, this language I am unused to: I desire you to explain." "I am as little used to command, Marquis: if you are, as you pretend, a man of honor, and a well-wisher to this family, let those who are concerned have the advantage of clear investigations: let Osborne have an interview with the prisoner." "Do you think (said Del Marino sarcastically) that I am to be dictated to by a petulant, romantic boy, who chuses to espouse the cause of a young base-born adventurer, the minion of the intriguing Duchess!" "Villainous calumniator! (exclaimed Monmouth losing all self-command, and seizing Del Marino by the collar,) instantly retract your aspersions, or"—"Release myself thus," returned Del Marino, drawing a Stiletto from his vest, and deliberately plunged it into the bosom of the unfortunate youth. Monmouth felt that the stab was mortal; and, with the vengeance of despair, drew his sword, and pierced the heart of his assassin, who fell by his side, and exdired with an agonized groan. Monmouth vainly endeavoured to reach the Castle: he grew sick, and faint: his sight failed him, and he sunk on the ground in a swoon. Osborne, astonished at the length of their conference, and with a secret dread of misunderstanding, hastened to seek his friend: he found him, cold and senseless, with the murderous weapon still in his vest. His horror and grief may be imagined: he clasped the body of his friend in his arms and bore him to the Castle, where the alarmed family soon collected round him, and with difficulty succeeded in restoring animation to the expiring Melmoth. Opening his eyes for a moment, he fixed them on Osborne. "Marino is guilty, (he cried) I have avenged your cause, I die content, dear Osborne, may you still be happy. Kind friends, grieve not; my early days were marked by sorrow. Let justice be done. This injured youth is the victim of mystery; but Alexina will reward him." He grasped a hand of each, and pressed his cheek upon them. He extended his arms to his father, and invoking his blessing, breathed his last sight. Osborne clung to the lifeless body with anguish: no force could tear him from it; and the tears of Lady Alexina mingled with his. The Duchess, though deeply grieved, had a nearer interest at heart: she dispatched servants to remove the body of Del Marino to the Lodge, and Duncan was commissioned to secure the keys and papers of the deceased. This order he punctually executed; and her astonishment was only equalled by her dismay, to find terrible confirmation of the Duke's treachery, and Del Marino's baseness. One packet of papers, found in the Marquis's cabinet, was the whole of his correspondence with the Duke, in which the plan was disclosed relating to the captivity of the unsuspecting Henry, who was seized by bravoes in the service of Del Marino, and conveyed on board an Algerine vessel lying in the harbor, instead of that in which he expected to rejoin his beloved Paulina. The progressive villainy of Del Marino, his designs on the life of the infant, and his rapacious plunder of the Duke's property, were also manifested by several other documents: and Margaretta hastened to repair, as much as was in her powe, the faults of her Lord, by the immediate liberation of the long-suffering Henry. This grateful task was assigned to Osborne: it drew him from his sorrows: he flew to the prison of his father, and received the fond paternal embrace. "Our enemy is no more, (said he exultingly.) The cause of innocence prevails, and we shall yet be happy." "Be not so sanguine my child, (said the cautious parent.) My youthful days were full of joyous prospects: but calamity overtook me in the moment of fancied security, and taught me to look for happiness only in immortality." "Despondency is ingratitude, my father, (said Osborne:) we must take the cup of life mixed as it flows. But let me lead you to my friends; they are anxious to make compensation, by their kindness, for all your past afflictions." "But my brother, (said the Duke,) has he so long been callous to the calls of Nature and humanity, as to persist in an accusation which loads me with eloquy. I never raised my hand against his life, heaven is my witness." "He never accused you, (replied Osborne,) it was the villain Del Marino, who feared the detection of his crimes." "And was my brother so credulous?" "Alas! reason forsook him from the hour of your interview." "Power of mercy restore him, (cried the Duke with energy) he has my prayers and forgiveness."

The amiable Margaretta, setting aside every idea of self-interest, and pursuaded, by the physicians, that her husband's malady was incurable, made restitution to the Duke of his long with-held rights. In assuming the title of Marquis of Atholson, he did not forget his esteemed friend Henry; and, at his desire, an ample establishment was secured to him, which he enjoyed with the woman of his choice. Lady Alexina, no longer withheld by the motives which had hitherto influenced her conduct, candidly acknowledged her affection for Osborne; and, with the sanction of all her family, became his affianced bride.

A few days released Margaretta from a tie which her heart had ever reluctantly accorded to. The wretched victim of ambition had but one lucid interval, and acknowledged his guilt; his last hours were soothed by the consolation of religion, and the pardon of those against whom he had transgressed. His death was an event little to be regretted; for the love and confidence of his family were destroyed by his own misconduct. Margaretta, solicited by her still faithful Grafton, gave him her hand as soon as the rules of propriety admitted; and Osborne on the same day was united to his beloved Alexina. Their early sufferings had been caused by the vices and errors of others; and their remaining days were crowned with well-mirited happiness. In pious remembrance of their ill-fated friend Monmouth, an elegant monument was raised on the spot where he sacrificed his life in the cause of oppressed virtue; and at this sacred shrine they daily renewed their vows of love and fidelity, and bedewed his grave with tears of grateful affection.

A HUSBAND'S ESTIMATE.

A man advertises a strayed mare, for the *return* of which he offers a reward of five guineas; and in the subsequent advertisement, informs the public of the elopement of his wife, for the *discovery* of whom, he offers a reward of five shillings.

LETTER II.

To the Printer of the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM

SIR,

I was one night engaged in conversation with some ladies of my acquaintance, when the subject turned on the cause of female celibacy. It was maintained by my fair opponents, that those of their sex who embraced that life, did it more from choice than otherwise. I did not then enter into a nice consideration of the subject, for I could not wholly divest myself of politeness, and give them a direct contradiction tho' it might easily be seen, I did not assent to the opinion.

It is no more than reasonable to suppose that all are desirous to enter upon a state in which we are assured the most perfect and permanent happiness is to be found; there many to pretend to maintain the contrary, not so much I imagine from a conviction of its truth, as from a wish to persuade us they are content with their condition; but when we see the old and antiquated virgin, assuming the airs and manners of a pretty miss and ornamenting her person with all the finery of dress, we are apt to believe the contrary and naturally conclude, that she is loth to quit the field with a successful conquest and sink into the arms of fading and neglected beauty.

It is an opinion too often entertained by our country women, that there is no time in which they may not be disposed of. Vain of their charms and conscious of their power, to them no season can arrive, when their company will not be sought for, and themselves importuned by the tendors of affection; permit me to undeceive them. The time will come when their boasted charms will fade and be no more, when those cheeks which once vied with the lilly and the rose, will lose their tints of beauty, when those eyes which once beamed with expression will sink into languor and the genial fire be extinguished for ever, then as by the sudden disolution of a magic spell, will their humble train, vanish from their sight.

Another reason, why so many are left to pine away in celibacy, is I think in some measure the present state of female manners: what are we to look for, from an union, with a fashionable lady; the foolish the wanton the giddy have but little charms for a man of understanding; they are not formed for domestic enjoyment; they have not that kindred heart that loves with tenderness, and places its whole delight in the object of its affections. How could a man of sense or feeling, endure to see a wife the dear partner of his soul and bosom, who should be the guardian and protector of his honour, put on the attire of a fashionable belle's—could he see her surrounded by a set of menial coxcombs, and listening to their prolific effusions of nonsense, without disgust?—No; he cannot be unmoved, when he sees her sinking in the opinion of the wise and good, lightly esteemed by those who flatter her, and her affections, at first however ardent and sincere, apparently diminishing or lost.

Here then Sir, behold the cause of this much lamented evil; let this be removed and their pinings are at an end—their fantastic train will then be converted into real and respectful suitors, they will then command that admiration & respect to which their sex are so justly entitled.

If my tale be a plain one, I must beg your indulgence and theirs, for

"Rude am I in my speech
"And little blessed with the set phrase of *words*."

I have told, what to me appeared to be the truth, and that with the honestest intention.

From my Chamber,
January 27, 1805.

MARCUS.

DEATH OF A PROFLIGATE FEMALE.

A FICTURE FROM LIFE.

I met a servant maid, whom I interroga'ed, but she answered me abruptly—"indeed I do not know whether she is alive or dead, who cares about such a woman as her?" On hearing these words, I advanced towards the stairs, went up, stopped at the first floor, entered the apartments but saw no one. All the doors were open. I traversed two antichambers, and entered the bedroom There was neither nurse, nor priest, nor domestic. *Religion* was there unknown; never did *friendship* appear there; *love* had fled away, together with *pleasure* and *voluptuousness*. *Death* alone reigned within the spacious apartment. Day had now quite departed, and not even a lamp was left in this deserted chamber; but it received a considerable light from a reverberating lamp, which hung in front of one of the open windows. I advanced with a trembling step—the first object I beheld was a harp, unstrung, leaning against a table; all my senses seemed convulsed, as I recalled to mind the seducing figure I had so often seen holding that harmonious instrument in her arm. Every thing was in confusion; several pieces of furniture heaped together, occupied a part; near the alcove was an elegant toilette, half thrown down. Fragile altar of beauty! from which the most delicious perfumes every day exalted! Flowers still unfaded, were dispersed in various flower-pots thrown upon a sofa; broken masks spread about the floor; every thing shewed that death had taken its victims by surprize, and seized her in the arms of folly and pleasure, I raised my eyes I shuddered—I cast a look towards the alcove—I touched it. The side were wholly covered with looking-glass which, a few days before, multiplied the images of beauty, but now presented a picture of destruction. The rays of the reverberator, reflected there with brilliancy, afforded a light, which discovered to my eyes, with horror, the inanimate figure of the unfortunate Sophia, a thousand times repeated! "Thou art no more," exclaimed I, "those speaking eyes are closed forever; that enchanting, that deceitful mouth, will never be more opened, nor that Syren voice be heard. Alas! what a fatal use hast thou made of such an assemblage of charms—vice has cut short thy career—in thy last moments thou was abandoned—thy memory is tarnished by contempt. Unfortunate Sophia!—at length one tear of pity shall fall upon thy death bed!"

FROM A LATE IRISH PAPER.

Cornelius O'Trigger most respectfully has the honor to acquaint gentlemen, that he fights duels in town or country at the shortest notice, and will accommodate any timorous gentleman in settling points of honor, recovering gambling debts, or satisfaction for insults, on reasonable terms.—Noses pulled, or kicking done by the piece.

N. B. He means shortly to fit up a convenient duelling ground, where will be small swords, light and convenient ground for long or short shots, either in open air, or under cover in rainy weather; where gentlemen may fight in peace and quietness, free from all disturbance by magistrates and all such impertinent fellows

☞ Pistols, powder and ball, hot cakes and tea, new milk and brandy, for the accommodation of his friends, and a surgeon always at hand.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 8, 1806

The city inspector reports the death of 40 persons, of whom 20 were men, 6 women, 9 boys, and 5 girls, during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of cold 1, consumption 8, convulsions 6, debility 1, decay 3, dropsy 3, dropsy in the head 1, fever 2, inflamation of the lungs 4, locked jaw 1, misadventure 1, (a child of 2 years old, to whom an over-dese of opium had been administered by a person unacquainted with its power) mortification in the head 1, old age 1, palsy 1, pleurisy 1, St. Anthonys fire 1, sudden death 1, teething 1, whooping cough 1, and 1 of worm fever.

*** In order to attract attention towards the alarming progress of deaths by Consumption in this city, the city inspector proposes, in future, to distinguish the sexes and ages of the victims to this fatal disease.

During the month of January, 31 persons died of consumption, viz. 17 men & 14 women.

Of the Men,

2 were aged between	15 and 20 years.
2	20 and 30.
5	30 and 40.
3	40 and 50.
3	50 and 60.
2	60 and 70.
17 men.	

Of the Women,

2 were aged between	15 and 20 years.
4	20 and 30.
7	30 and 40.
1	40 and 50.
14 women.	
17 men.	
31 Total.	

Fire in Salem.—By letters from Salem, we learn, that about half-past two o'clock, on Tuesday morning, a fire was discovered in the building occupied by Mr. Joshua Cushing, as a book printing-office, in Essex-street, in that town, which, with all the apparatus stock, and other contents, were consumed. Dr. Holyoke's house and others, in the vicinity, very narrowly escaped. Mr. Ashton's house, was much damaged; and his loss is estimated at 1000 dollars. The weather was foggy, and the wind providentially light. the current report of the destruction of the Salem Gazette office, we are happy to learn, is unfounded.—*Bost. Cent.*

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The house ocupied by Mrs. Fletcher, on Gallows Hill, Baltimore, and the adjoining house in the tenure of Mr. Collen, were burnt on the 29th ult.

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The Bridge over the river Delaware, near Trenton, is so far completed as to be passable by loaded carriages—It was opened on Thursday last when several hundred people crossed and re-crossed.

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Melancholy Accident.—Was drowned on Monday evening last, in one of the mill ponds of this town, Master George C. Schroeppel, son of Mr. George Schroeppel, of New-York, aged 10 years. As he was skating on the ice with his companions, it gave way, and one of them fell in; and this youth, while endeavouring to rescue his friend, was immediately drowned.

Newark pap.

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Suicide.—In Charleston, (S. C.) Mr. Alexander Kemp, late of the house of Kemp and Fraser, of that city; he killed himself by cutting his throat and discharging a pistol into his mouth.—No cause for this rash act has been traced.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Come thou source of purest pleasure!
Come, thou sorrow-soothing power:
Shed thy influence without measure.
Rain of joys thy ceaseless shower.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. *Cooper*, Mr. *James Riker*, to Mrs. *Mary Briggs*, *both of this city.*

Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. *Williams*, Mr. *Charles M'Ivers*, to Miss *Eliza Whitehead*, *all of this city.*

On Wednesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. *Harvey* Mr *James Mullany merchant* to Miss *Jane M'Donnell of this city.*

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. *Abeel* Mr. *Alexander Wishart* to Miss *Jane Garrson of this city.*

At Huntington Long-Island, by the Rev. Joshua Hart, Oliver Johnston to Miss *Mary Oaks, daughter of* Mr. *Ephraim Oaks* Esq, *all of that place.*

At Middletown, the 30th ult, by the Rev. Mr. *Cooper*, Mr *Benjamin Cooper* to Miss *Hannah Layton, all of that place.*

On Sunday evening the 19th ult, by the Rev. Mr. *Hart*. Mr. *Azel Lewis, of Smithtown*, to Miss *Phebe Scudder of Huntington, Daughter of Henry Scudder* Esq. *of that place.*

At Harlaem on the 24th ult by the Rev. John I. Jackson Mr. Jacob Hanson to Miss *Hannah Leggett.*

At Harlaem, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. John I. Jackson, Mr. John Thornley to Miss *Letitia Archer.*

At Greensburgh, on the 4th ult, by the Rev. John I. Jackson Mr. John Lawrence to Miss *Sarah M—*

At Mount Pleasant, on the 5th ult. by the Rev. John I. Jackson. Mr. Jonathan Nap, to Miss *Catharine Nap.*

At Greensburgh, on the 15 ult by the Rev John I. Jackson Mr. Michael Man, to Miss *Elenor Lawrence.*

MORTALITY.

We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink, and are what we deplor'd.

DIED,

On the 9th inst. in the 34th year of her age, Mrs. Maria Reigart, wife of Adam Reigart, jun. of Lancaster, and eldest daughter of Philip Wager, late of Philadelphia.

Just published, and for sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip,

The New and Interesting Novel of the
English Nun; or
The Sorrows of Edward & Louisa.
Also,
Fleetwood; or
The New Man of Feeling—by Godwin.
AND A GREAT VARIETY OF
Children's Books, and School Books of all kinds.
Writing paper, Quills, Wafers, &c. &c.
Pocket Almanacs for 1806.

TO LET,
A LARGE DRY CELLAR.
Enquire at this Office No. 3 Peck-Slip.

COAL.

Best Liverpool, Scotch & Virginia Coal may be had by applying to S. Freeman, No. 26 Roosevelt-Street.
November 30, 1805. 876—tf.

A large supply of Walkden's best British INK POWDER. for sale at this office.

COURT OF APOLLO.

WOMAN!

Who, in this world of care and strife,
Doth kindly cheer and sweeten life,
As friend, companion, and as wife?
'Tis Woman!

Who, by a thousand tender wiles,
By fond endearments and by smiles,
Our bosom of its grief beguiles?
'Tis Woman!

From whom do all our pleasures flow;
Who draws the scorpion sting of woe,
And makes the heart with transport glow!
'Tis Woman!

Who, of a nature more refin'd
Doth soften man's rude stubborn mind,
And make him gentle, mild, and kind?
'Tis Woman!

Who binds us all to one another,
By silken bands, of father, mother,
Of husband, children, sister, brother?
'Tis Woman!

When hours of absence past we meet,
Say, who enraptur'd runs to greet
Our glad return, with kisses sweet?
'Tis Woman!

Who, by a word, a touch, a sigh,
The simple glancing of her eye,
Can fill the soul with extacy?
'Tis Woman!

Eden the lost, ensnared to vice,
But well has she repaid its price,
For Earth is made a Paradise
By Woman!

Bid me with mandate stern prepare,
To cope with famine, death, despair,
All, all, undaunted I would bear
For Woman!

Place me upon some desart shore,
Round which the angry tempests roar,
My constant soul should still adore
Dear Woman!

Guide me to mountains white with snow,
Where chilling winds for ever blow,
E'en there contented I would go
With Woman!

Deep, deep, within the mountain's side,
I'd dig a cavern for my bride,
And there my treasure I would hide,
My own dear Woman!

THE SHADE OF A MISER.

A miser died of want in the midst of an immense treasure, and carried nothing with him to the grave but one single penny, which penny his relations grudged him: his shade arrived on the banks of Styx, at the time when Charon was exacting his usual fare of the ghosts that came to be wafted over, and driving back with his oar such as had not money to pay their passage. The miser, fond of his poor penny, could not bear the thoughts of parting with it, but resolved to cheat the ferryman; and plunging into the river before him, nimbly cut the waves, and swam over to the other side. Cerberus, affrighted at his appearance, barked three, and apprehending the intruding shade, dragged him before Minos. The case being new, he was a long time weighing in his mind the nature of the crime, and what punishment he should inflict. "Does (says he) this miserable wretch deserve the torments which Tantalus endures, or those of Ixion? Shall I send him in the place of Prometheus, or to help Sisyphus? Or is it better that I command him to do the labour of the daughters-in-law of Egyptus, that detested crew, who lose both their labour and their water?—No (says Minos) he must be punished more: these torments are not severe enough for him.—"*Open the passage for him immediately, and turn him back into the world, to behold what his heirs are making of his great estate,*"

M. SMITH.

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair Powder pur Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rose) No. 114 Broad Way opposite the City Hotel.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Smith's Chymical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8. & 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoynette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the Toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

Smith's Circasia Oil, for glossing and keeping the Hair in curl.

His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving.

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaister, 3s. per box.

Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books.

*** The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Penknives, Scissars, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, and Horn Combs Superfine white Starch, Smelling Bottles, &c. &c. Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving, but have their goods fresh and free from adulteration, which is not the case with Imported Perfumery.

☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 5, 1805. 833. 1y.

THE ENGLISH NUN.

Just published by J. Swaine, Pearl-st. and for sale by Mr. S. Stansbury, Water-st. Mr. B. Dornin, Pearl-st. Mr. Tiebout, Water-st. Mr. Longworth, opposite the Park, Mr. Scoles, Broad-way, Messrs. G. & R. Waite, Maiden-lane, and at this Office; price 6 shillings in boards.

A New and entertaining Novel,

ENTITLED

THE ENGLISH NUN;

OR THE

SORROWS OF EDWARD & LOUISA.

Here in the shelter of this calm retreat,
Did sorrow find a safe and tranquil home,
Did meek eyed Resignation take her seat,
And bow submission to her Maker's doom.

With a handsome frontispiece.

Jan. 25, 1806 834—3t.

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MICHAEL M'GREANE,

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RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he continues to receive commands in that line, from Employers and Servants, which he attends to with the greatest care and punctuality.

☞ A few servants on the books well recommended. Those persons who wish to apply for places as above, is requested to produce satisfactory references.

Jan. 4, 1806. 881—tf.

ALMANACS,

FOR THE YEAR 1806,

Just Published, and for Sale at this Office, by the groce, dozen, or single one.

MR. TURNER

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street—where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth, upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chimical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane.

July 13, 1805. 861 tf.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON, & WOOLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from William-street.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Sattins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness; all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camel hair Shawls cleaned and calendered. He has also erected a hot Callender. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. ☞ Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and callendered, and Blankets scoured. Best standing BLUE upon Cotton and Linen; Dyers stuffs for sale.

June 1, 1805. 856, 1y.

REMOVAL.

PETER STUYVERSANT Jun. *Ladies Shoemaker,* has removed his Store from No. 141 to No. 115 William-street, the house lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Fradgely. Peter Stuyversant jun. returns his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public, for their past Patronage, and humbly solicits a continuance of their favors, to merit which, no endeavors shall be wanting; at the same time he begs leave to inform them, that he has recieved by the late arrivals from London, a large and fashionable assortment of Fancy Leather, for Ladies Shoes, all kinds of Kid and Morroccos.

N. B. Merchants and others may be supplied with shoes suitable for the Southern and West India markets, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

Decr. 28, 1805. 880. 4m.*

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